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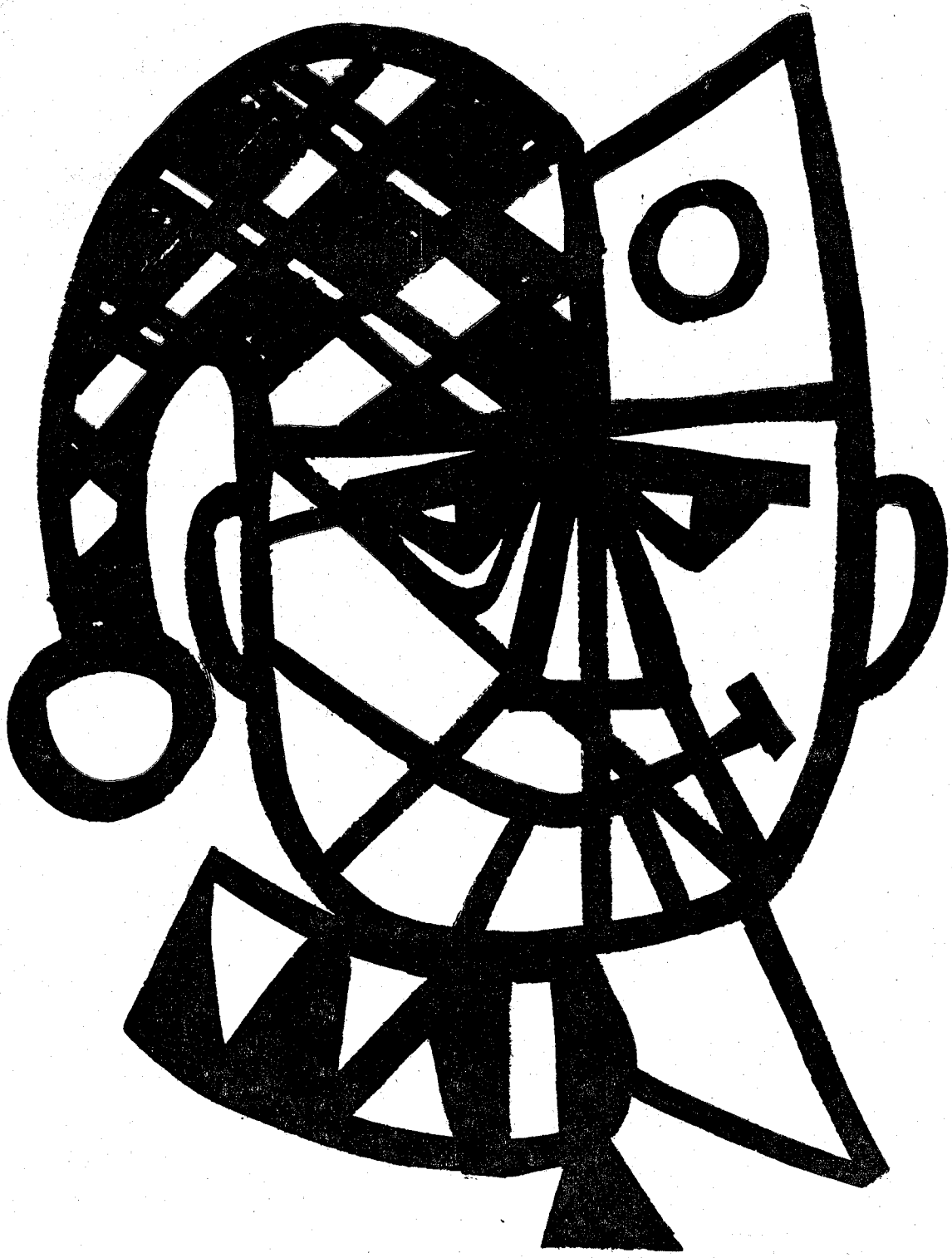

THE LEGION DIES LAUGHING . . . *by Harvey Glickman*

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LETTERS

The Happy Worker

Dear Sirs: The Myth of the Happy Worker by Harvey Swados [August 17 issue] is no less than a brilliant exposition of conditions in America's mills and factories. Having been employed by dozens of mills and shops, I must correct his impression that all industrial work is monotonous, degrading and stupefying. Only 99 per cent of factory jobs fit this description.

And, as he so correctly points out, it hardly needs to be this way.

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, California

Dear Sirs: In connection with Mr. Swados' article, have you seen The Annual Report of the Ford Foundation? I have found it most instructive. Not that the money given away all over the world for educational, health, and other purposes is not beneficial and praiseworthy, but there is something revolting in the fact that those who created this enormous wealth receive so little benefit from it.

Mr. Swados has written a remarkable article; remarkable because of its simplicity and straightforward presentation. The modern factory worker is a modern galley slave; his mind, if he has any left, is dulled by the inhuman monotony of his labor.

Automation would be a solution to rescue the factory worker from his slavery. But are we ready to offer him anything but unemployment compensation?

LEE H. GREGORY

Cadillac, Michigan

Dear Sirs: If Mr. Swados had titled his article The Myth of the Interested Worker it would have been more appropriate. If one is uninterested in his job he will be bored and, therefore, unhappy. The only way to avoid boredom is to develop interest.

At the close of his article, Mr. Swados says we are funneling the underprivileged, undereducated and underequipped into the factory. If factory work is available and can use this type of worker, it seems the logical place for him to drift. More interesting and more lucrative jobs are available only to adequately trained or educated people.

In a democratic society it is the responsibility of the individual employer or the workers' union to enforce fair labor standards and practices. The rank and file should bring pressure on their leaders to fulfill their function. If the workers are going to get off the insane treadmill, they must prepare themselves for better jobs. This preparation is a cooperative enterprise. It requires effort by the individual, his parents, the educational system and the community.

Unfortunately the world is not organized on Utopian principles. Much of life is still helter-skelter. As competition to share the good life becomes keener, parents will have to develop foresight. Hindsight too often results in drift and disillusion for themselves and their offspring. Apathy is the breeding ground for totalitarianism. Democracy cannot continue without well-informed, well-integrated citizens. In a modern democracy the only way to escape a treadmill existence is to acquire knowledge, both general and specific.

EDITH STRAHAN

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs: One looks in vain for reasoning in Mr. Swados' piece; it is all seething acrimony. Much is implied, perhaps because so little is tenable when argued in the open. An arresting example: "he (the factory worker) is earning less than the starting salaries offered to inexperienced and often semi-literate college graduates without dependents." I guess what is implied is that this is a hell of a note.

But is it? For one thing, "without dependents," is wholly irrelevant here, unless Mr. Swados also implies that the private and low-skilled business of reproduction should be recompensed in the economic system. "Semi-literate" they may be, and yet the corporation must find some utility in them, for otherwise it would not hire them. So we come to "starting salaries," which Mr. Swados hints are too high, but only if one ignores a number of things: (1) College graduation signifies a certain degree of accomplishment and an accumulation of at least partially applicable knowledge; (2) the corporation must recognize the value of these acquirements or it would not pay for them; (3) college costs time, money and effort which should merit some return for the investment.

Would Mr. Swados level all salaries, thus reducing the working order to chaos? Then why the gratuitous swipes at a group which has generally worked hard for the chance to work at a desk?

CARL E. KERN

Hartford, Connecticut

What Is Obscenity

Dear Sirs: What may be one of the most far-reaching decisions of the Supreme Court, the Brennan decision on "obscenity," has slipped by with little comment by the liberal organs of opinion. Yet the decision could give added impetus to the already ominous pressures for censorship — both by private groups and state and local officials.

Recently, I have had an opportunity,

(*Continued on page 112*)

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

101 ●

ARTICLES

103 ● The Legion Dies Laughing
by HARVEY GLICKMAN

105 ● New Jersey's Man-in-the-Middle
by DAVID van PRAAGH

108 ● Sports in America: Nice Guys Finish Last
by ROGER KAHN

110 ● U.S. Ships and Foreign Flags
by WALTER HAMSHAR

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

113 ● Three Windows on Spain
by JOSEPH H. SILVERMAN

114 ● Ode to the Memory of Paul Wightman Williams, Painter (poem)
by FRANCIS GOLFFING

115 ● Precarious Serene (poem)
by EDA LOU WALTON

116 ● Creatures or Creators?
by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

116 ● Time Was When Death (poem)
by MARK VAN DOREN

117 ● Letter from Holland
by FRANK J. WARNKE

119 ● Records
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 120)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Quarter Loaf

The Civil Rights Bill is a sham—so says Senator Morse and so say we. Purporting to advance the cause of civil rights, in essence it affects only the right to vote. And even if it accomplishes what it sets out to do in this field, it is doubtful, given the South's one-party system, that the cause of representative government will be advanced. This is particularly true in the states where gerrymandering, plus the county-unit system, will deprive the Negro of realizing anything like his true voting strength. And one must not forget that even the original bill, which included Title III (the provision which made it a truly sweeping civil-rights measure) and did not include the jury-trial provision, was considered minimal by the Republican Administration which fostered it. Now Title III has been stricken, and the addition of the jury-trial section makes enforceability doubtful even in the limited field to which the bill now applies.

We believe a strong argument can be made that by waiting a year, a far better bill could have been achieved. A year is not much in a struggle for equality of citizenship that has already raged for nearly a century. And to those who urge that the issue should not be injected into an election year, we say: "What better issue to debate in an election year than the major domestic issue facing the American people? Let legislators be forced to take sides openly—and let the voters decide. We have no doubts which way the decision would go." Nor do we agree with those who argue that even if the bill is a bad one, it deserved support because it will soon be improved by amendment. The Taft-Hartley Act remains unchanged for a decade even after its own sponsor pleaded for change. Considering that the present measure is the first remedial legislation on civil rights in ninety years, the prospect for amendment in the near future is far from bright.

As this is written, the bill is on the President's desk. Were it not for one fact, we would hope for a veto. The fact is that the overwhelming majority of individuals who are devoting their lives to the cause of civil rights believe that it should be signed—even in its present weakened form. The NAACP and many other organizations, and many individuals in the vanguard of the struggle, see it as a step forward, however small. They feel that at the very least, the Civil Rights Commission established by the bill will focus public attention on the problem and thus create an atmosphere in which further progress can be made.

We deeply hope that they are right.

Mr. Hoover's Files

For centuries, English and American courts, acting on the common-sense view that when there exist two different versions of the same event, one must be false, have permitted a party's counsel to attack the credibility of an opposing witness by showing that he had made earlier statements, written or oral, inconsistent with his testimony at the trial. In essence the Supreme Court decision in the Jencks case is no more than an application of this ancient rule to a government prosecution. But because in this instance the "earlier statements" were embodied in hallowed FBI files, Mr. Hoover, the Department of Justice and the FBI's ambassadors in Congress are raising the roof—and, from their viewpoint, with good reason. Harvey Matusow's recantation of evidence he had given against the so-called second-string Communists shows how embarrassing the revelation of conflicts in an informer's testimony can sometimes be to the prosecution.

On pressure from the Administration, the legislative mills have been grinding to protect us from the Supreme Court's decision. The results, at first, were mixed: the Senate approved a bill which, in substance, continued the rule as announced by the Supreme Court, though with certain amendments tending to stultify the defense; the House adopted the Administration's—i.e., the Justice Department's and Hoover's—proposal, which gives the government the power to destroy the effectiveness of the ruling altogether.

Ultimately, the Senate in effect surrendered to the House and to the Administration. The bill as passed turns a trial into a game of hide-and-seek and ignores the Supreme Court's repeated reminder that the interests of the United States in a criminal prosecution "is not that it shall win a case, but that justice shall be

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done." And in any case, the whole legislative enterprise seems of questionable constitutionality. What is involved is due process under the Constitution, and on such a question the Supreme Court, and not Congress, has the final say.

The Non-Existent "Average"

Most published analyses of nuclear fall-out effect have been based on a "world-population average." This is conveniently achieved by taking a total effect and dividing it by some 2,500,000,000. The result is a not very useful statistic which has little actual relation to any single human being. For practically nobody gets an "average" effect from a fall-out; he gets either more or less, depending upon his proximity to the explosion, the direction of the winds, the climatic environment, the nature of surrounding vegetation, the kind of food he eats, and perhaps even the peculiarities of his metabolism. All this is perfectly obvious, and the Japanese, who unfortunately sit astride the corridors of radiation emanating from both the American and Soviet proving grounds, have done their best to make it so with their long series of complaints. But most scientists, in their dealings with the radiation problem, have preferred the world view; this is in accordance with the scientific tradition and has the added advantage that when one deals with world averages, one needn't deal with people—and politics. But recently twelve American scientists used a report to the Atomic Energy Commission to emphasize that people in Northern United States and in Southern Canada were getting more fall-out than people elsewhere on the American continent. Strontium 90 is building up faster in the bones of the children of this area.

As scientific inquiry proceeds, the problem of fall-out will come closer and closer to home. A new and more realistic set of statistics than "world averages" is emerging—and however alarming the old figures may have seemed, the new statistics, for hundreds of millions of people, will be much worse.

The Ultimate Folly

So accustomed are we to believing our own claims of weapons superiority that the Soviet claim to the "ultimate weapon," the intercontinental ballistic missile, came as a shock. It should not have. Our weapons have been frequently inferior to those of other countries—sometimes when the chips were down. For the first two years after our entry into World War II, we had no plane to match the Japanese Zero or the British Spitfire; our tanks were neither as mobile nor as lethal as the Germans'; the British anti-submarine devices were superior to ours; and all the gallantry of our Pacific submarine commanders could not make up for the faulty detonating devices of our torpedoes.

True, once we begin producing, we can make more weapons faster than anybody. In armaments, our chief contribution to the Allied victory was quantitative, not qualitative. But it is hardly reassuring to know that, in the case of H-bombs, we have enough to destroy the earth not once, but two or three times.

Now again, and fortunately in peacetime, our only potential enemy has apparently achieved a temporary weapon superiority. And our response, of course, will be to use all our energy, money and ingenuity to achieve parity. But, as we have already pointed out (The Missile Era, issue of June 1), the IBM will *not* prove the ultimate weapon, for there is no such thing. In the field of weapons, the only ultimate parity is the parity of mutual death and destruction.

So we ask: if money, energy and ingenuity can build bigger and better weapons, cannot they also be used to build *fewer* weapons? Is this not the time to pursue, with renewed vigor, not the race of annihilation, but the long, tortuous path to disarmament by agreement?

How to Win Over a Premier

Less than six months ago, we commented in these columns on the fact that the State Department was unhappy with the Premier of Laos, Vietnam's little neighbor, and might indeed be exerting the kind of pressures a big country can exert upon a small one to get him out (see Dirty Work in Laos, issue of March 30). The issue, so far as it concerned Washington, was Premier Souvanna Phoum's apparent willingness to bring the Pathet Lao, Laos' extreme Left party, into his government. Since our comment appeared, two things have happened. On May 29, Premier Phoum resigned after the Laotian National Assembly voted against his plans for negotiating with the Pathet Lao. At this stage, it appeared that Washington's pressures—which included a threat to suspend an annual contribution of $36,000,000 to the little country's budget, enough to support its army—were working with gratifying speed. But if there was celebration in the appropriate State Department office in Washington, it was premature. For two months the National Assembly failed to agree on a successor to Phoum, turning down, among others, the candidacy of Vice-Premier Katay Sassorith, who was Washington's favorite. Then last week, in a complete reversal, the Assembly reinstated Premier Phoum, who will now resume his negotiations to bring the Pathet Lao into his government.

What a glittering addition to the State Department's chain of diplomatic victories! And will it make Mr. Dulles feel any better to know that, however much he dislikes Mr. Phoum, the feeling by now must be entirely mutual?

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THE LEGION DIES LAUGHING . . *by Harvey Glickman*

ON SEPTEMBER 16, in Atlantic City, New Jersey, over 3,000 middle-aged male Americans will observe their annual organized outdoor catharsis. Shipments of water bags, cap pistols, horns and whiskey are already piling up in the basements of the Boardwalk hotels, and desk clerks, no doubt, are renewing the locks on fire extinguishers. Each year the American Legion announces that its convention will be less raucous than in the past, but the "regulars" respond with knowing winks.

These annual high jinks provide the Legionnaires with their only opportunity for free expression in the internal affairs of their organization. Apart from this useful social therapy, the convention is mere sound and fury, for the Legion itself is dying as an important social force. True, the organization continues to perform such desirable welfare services as the sponsorship of boys' baseball tournaments and high school essay contests, and the printing of about 400,000 pamphlets a year on how to display the American flag. But as for exerting any significant influence on most Americans, or even on the country's 28,000,000 ex-servicemen, it is well-nigh finished. Possessed of a gradually diminishing proportion of the nation's veterans—the membership has remained stationary for five years at 2.8 million—the Legion is well on its way to becoming a paunchy and rather less useful edition of the Boy Scouts.

A concerted membership drive in the last two years, aimed at a total membership of 5,000,000, proved a dud. Even more alarming to the Legion's officials is the fact that since the 1946 peak, membership has dropped 600,000, or almost 20 per cent. From 1951 to 1956, despite strenuous efforts to recruit new blood, the Legion added but 67,000 members. The dues coming in hardly cover the expenses of recruitment. Last year the Legion officially admitted that its membership situation was certainly "unhealthy and most discouraging."

Probably the main reason for the organization's dire straits is, ironically, that there are just too many veterans. Today just about everybody is a wartime or peacetime ex-serviceman of one variety or another, and in general it may be said that the desire to commemorate an experience is in direct ratio to its uniqueness. So, unless a veterans' organization continues to advance the interests of ex-servicemen on a mas-

sive and ever-widening scale, its *raison d'etre* is shaky indeed. Today, once the ex-serviceman absorbs the initial bounty of benefits, the Legion's exertions in this direction rapidly reach the point of diminishing returns. Nobody gets excited any more about promises of postwar bonuses, pensions, loans and other benefits. As far back as 1951, the *Army Times* detected a feeling among veterans that Congress had closed the books on veterans' benefits. Having already reached the limits of what is practical and legitimate in behalf of its membership, the Legion must now push beyond. For example, how is one to regard the Legion's recent proposal for special pensions for all veterans over sixty-five?

In kind and in degree, the Legion can do less for servicemen than ever before. This fact in itself tends to discourage new recruits; any suspicion that the Legion is deserting its self-assumed position as defender of the interests of the nation's veterans surely would be enough to lead to a wholesale exodus from its ranks. Many veterans take a dim view of the 1953 decision by the Legion Executive Committee to permit an increase in interest rates on G.I. loans for private homes. The decision coincided with the demands of the National Association of Home Builders and the Mortgage Bankers Association of America; John M. Dickerman, executive director of the N.A.H.B., himself credited the Legion with breaking "the log jam" on the issue. Moves like this reinforce the notion that the Legion listens to the voice of organized business with as much care as it does to the voice of its own constituents.

MOST OF US know the Legion for its extremist political views, which in recent years have grown increasingly strident and ridiculous. (For many years nobody has taken seriously the clause in the Legion's constitution which states that the organization shall be "non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles.") The Legion has consistently equated both free speech and internationalism with subversion. As long as the Legion's policy-makers confined their attacks to Communists, Socialists and New Dealers, they were supported by conservatives who wanted to get rid of a Democratic Administration. But since 1952 much of this conservative support has disappeared. "Modern Republicanism" has brought a new outlook to the business community and to conservatives in general; the Legion remains a defiant dog-in-the-manger, still fighting McCarthy's long-lost battles. Not unnaturally, the Legion's leadership has responded to mounting public indifference by screaming louder than ever. Today many veterans regard the Legion's views as not only wrong, but stupid and silly as well. Perhaps they agree with Harry Truman, himself a Legionnaire, who remarked in 1955 that

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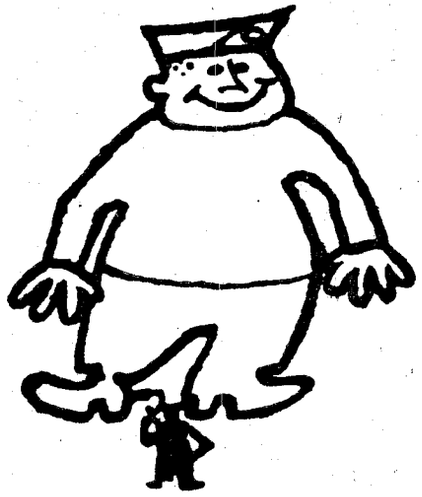
the Legion had "gone haywire in the last three or four years."

Signs of imbalance began to appear as early as 1947, when National Commander J. F. O'Neill charged the late Senator Robert Taft with "making common cause with the Communists" because he had opposed universal military training. In 1955 the Legion really went wild. The Illinois Department asked the organization to withdraw support from the Girl Scouts because there were "un-American influences in the Girl Scout handbook." Former Illinois State Commander L. J. Fenlon remarked, "How screwy can we get?" But his comrades responded by asking that the United States approve "a declaration of independence from the U.N." The Westchester County American Legion reported to the National Executive Committee on diabolical doings in upstate New York, where the League of Women Voters had distributed six pamphlets on civil liberties financed by the Fund for the Republic. The Un-Americanism Committee of the Westchester Legion declared that the pamphlets were "designed to delude the public into believing Communism is a red herring." The Legion National Executive then took on the League of Women Voters, asking it to disown the pamphlets, particularly one on freedom of speech by the late Harvard Professor of Law, Zechariah Chafee, Jr. This assiduous Westchester group also protested the showing of a film in the Pleasantville High School and in the Katonah Village library, in which Edward R. Murrow interviewed Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. In this affair, the Westchester Un-Americanism experts gained the support of T. E. Paradine, the Legion's national vice-chairman of public relations and a former national vice-commander. Movies were also the target of a Legion protest in Briarcliff, New York. This film starred Dr. Mortimer J. Adler; G. F. May, commander of the Briarcliff post, denounced the practice of exposing public school children to "controversial intellectuals."



THE CLIMAX of uproarious 1955 came at the national convention in Miami, where the Legion "deplored the continued economic aid by the United States to India," recommended that the United States withdraw from the Korean Armistice Commission and allow the South Koreans to settle things "in their own way," and urged Congress to take the United States out of UNESCO. The *New York Times* called this last suggestion "a prize example of sophomoric xenophobia." No doubt many Legionnaires felt the same way, but dared not speak up. The origins of the Legion's anti-UNESCO campaign may be traced to the American Flag Committee and W. Henry MacFarland, Jr., a professional patriot who has also been active in the National Renaissance Party and the Nationalist Action League. Both organizations have been named as Fascist, the former by the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the latter by the Attorney General.

A QUALITY of silent suffering has long marked the rank and file of the Legion. Control over policy, as well as over elections, is exercised by a small number of "regulars" who, until recently, were all of World War I vintage. The "regulars"—the delegates and the small-time officials—of any mass organization tend to be the traditionalists, the fellows who are always sticking to outworn principles; and the most outworn principle of the Legion is its own peculiar brand of "Americanism." As the supply of genuine talent diminishes, a display of the virtues of "Americanism" becomes the chief test of ability. The old-timers handpick their successors, perpetuating images of themselves at the top. Some years ago, when the Legion commanded such powerful support that, as Bernard Baruch once said, it can make office boys out of Congressmen, the organization produced national commanders with some claim to national stature—men like Louis Johnson and Paul V. McNutt. In the past few years, however, the national commanders have been as uniformly undistinguished as they have been indistinguishable. The commander this year, Wilbur (Dan) Daniel, barely qualified as a war veteran, his service consisting of some months in basic training.

But more important than considerations of individual talent is the age group of the Legion's leadership. Only in the past few years have veterans of World War II managed to win high position in any numbers. For many Legionnaires, undoubtedly, it took far too long for the "second generation" to reach the higher echelons; by the time it did, thousands of their fellows, impatient under the unrelenting tutelage of the men whose last service experience dated back at least thirty years, had left the organization.

THE difficulties of the rank-and-file Legionnaire of either generation in influencing Legion policy are underlined by the experience of the supporters of the Murphy Report on UNESCO. In 1955, Ray Murphy, a former national commander and not a dissident upstart, headed a committee of six which exonerated UNESCO, and the Americans associated with it, of charges of atheism, un-Americanism or communism. The committee's report went to the National Executive Committee and subsequently was shunted to the Legion's Foreign Relations Committee. After much wrangling, this committee and the Americanism Committee considered the report together and directed a subcommittee of ten to prepare a joint report of its own. A summary of the subcommittee's findings criticized UNESCO for disseminating "subversive educational materials." This summary accompanied the resolution denouncing UNESCO at the Miami convention in 1955. The national leadership not

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only brushed aside the Murphy Report, it did not even permit any of its proponents to address the convention when the resolution reached the floor. In a matter of minutes, without floor debate, the die-hards had rammed through their resolution by a voice vote.

As for the choice of his leadership, the ordinary Legionnaire is in precisely the same position. Both 1955 and 1956 provided striking evidence of the prevalence of boss rule. The executive committee of the Forty and Eight, fun-making organization of the Legion, in 1955 decided to renounce its connection with the parent body. It charged that a group of unnamed "kingmakers" distributed committee appointments and used funds to benefit those "who do their bidding." Immediately the Indianapolis *Star* discovered one of these kingmakers, one J. P. Ringley. In 1956 Ringley turned up again as the target of similar charges, this time levelled by C. M. Blackburn, a candidate for national commander during the Los Angeles convention. W. C. Daniel, Ringley's candidate, won handily, almost as easily as had his predecessor, J. A. Wagner, who managed to provoke thirty-five opposing votes the year before. "If you fail to support the wishes—and the candidate—of the kingmaker, your department doesn't get any appointments that year," remarked the defeated Mr. Blackburn.

TWO OTHER factors in the decline of the Legion deserve some attention. There is some evidence that membership in the Legion today is decidedly *déclassé*. One suspects that the solid supporters of the Legion—the regular convention-goers and the Fourth of July paraders—belong increasingly to the lower middle class. The executive type leans toward membership and participation in more sedate groups, such as Rotary and Kiwanis. After all, today's American Legion represents a peculiar non-conformity; it is out of line with the smooth, conservative mood of our time. To the man who aspires to a niche in suburbia, the Legionnaires resemble backwoodsmen. Secondly, there should be an interesting correlation between the number of rural and semi-rural counties which have gone "wet" in the last five years and the geographical distribution of the drop in Legion membership. The American Legion Post bar has always been the only place to secure liquor by the glass in the numerous "dry" counties and "dry" states that dot the country. The Post bar stays open almost day and night. What better reason for a virile ex-serviceman to keep his membership in the Legion up-to-date? Recently, where they could exercise local option, the voters in many of these sections have gone "wet" for a variety of reasons—principally to attract tourists. The Post bar now has lost much of its unique attraction.

Most people, when they think of the Legion, associate it automatically with isolationism and super-patriotism on the one hand, and parades and high jinks on the other. In a short time, these notions will express the total essence of the importance of the Legion on the American social scene. Already most of the Legionnaires are content with the high jinks, while 90 per cent of America's veterans don't care about the Legion at all.

New Jersey's Man-in-the-Middle . . *by David van Praagh*

ROBERT B. MEYNER is a Democratic product of the ambiguous Age of Eisenhower. "The Glamorous Governor of New Jersey," known as such to thousands of *Saturday Evening Post* readers, is also, perhaps, better known nationally than any other state chief executive. This distinction he has achieved by bravado, more than a bit of luck, and the enviable ability to be all things to all persons while actually standing nowhere in particular.

Since he took office over three and a half years ago, however, Governor Meyner has concentrated on building up his reputation among the five million people of his own state. He is now entering upon the climax of a vigorous reelection drive that, on November 5, by all odds should reward his persistence. If it does, he will become the first governor—and indeed the first member of either party—to set a well-oiled state political machine in motion toward the Presidential elections in 1960.

It is not simply echoing a Republican cry to point out that Meyner has been the beneficiary of a tremendous build-up. He was an unknown small-town lawyer and ex-state senator when, because no one else wanted the job, he was handed the forlorn banner of the anti-Hague Democratic cause for Governor of New Jersey early in 1953. Part of the build-up since has been calculated; most of it just happened by his being in the right place at the right time—a fact of which Meyner is well aware. Nonetheless, a Meyner myth has grown up which his equally energetic Republican opponent for the governorship, business magazine publisher Malcolm S. Forbes, will find difficult to smash.

Republican New Jersey has always tended to elect Democratic governors in off-years and Meyner's appeal, in his current campaign, is directed more to Republicans and independents than to Democrats. Many people who like Ike, like Bob Meyner. Last year President Eisenhower carried New Jersey by 750,000 votes—an incredible margin of two to one. This was partly due to a resurgence of GOP organization strength. But Forbes has the money to exploit that strength and the ability to needle Meyner. All of Meyner's equivocating cannot do away with a hazardous situation in Hudson County, the late Frank

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Hague's old stronghold, which may greatly diminish the value of that potential Democratic treasure chest.

To win what may well be a close election, therefore, Meyner must rely on his personal popularity and on his ability to convince the electorate that he has carried out his administration slogan: "Good government makes good politics." This is where the Meyner myth comes in. Like any myth, Meyner's has elements of reality to it. But it has been built up by a succession of events, both political and personal; the myth is by no means a true picture of the man.

Meyner's first break came when John V. Kenny, who had broken Hague's thirty-year reign in Jersey City in 1949 (and was himself dethroned as Hudson County boss last May), made possible Meyner's 1,800-vote primary victory in 1953 over a Hague candidate who had carried eighteen of the state's twenty-one counties. Then, in the fall, it was disclosed that contractor Paul L. Troast, Meyner's Republican opponent, had written a letter of clemency for labor racketeer Joey Fay in Sing Sing. Against a background of gambling scandals in the state's banner GOP county, Bergen, the Troast letter was enough to elect Meyner by 153,000 votes. Thus was launched the extra-Eisenhower Democratic trend that has continued since.

Meyner is the first Democratic governor of New Jersey in ten years —and the first non-Hague governor since Woodrow Wilson's immediate successor.

ANOTHER letter was designed to play a sensational role in the forty-nine-year-old Governor's career, and it was not long in coming. This one was written by former Republican Governor Harold G. Hoffman. Upon being opened after his death in 1954, it revealed his embezzlement of $300,000 from a South Amboy bank and the juggling of state funds to cover up the deed. Thus was born the Hoffman scandal and Meyner's vindication for having suspended Hoffman on suspicion from his job as head of state unemployment compensation.

Meanwhile, another Meyner image was being created in the public mind beside that of the young, clean crusader who, six months after taking office, still had more Republicans than Democrats in his cabinet. This one appealed especially to women and was the stuff of which "A" wire copy and *Life* are made. It was of the good-looking bachelor on the political scene who met Adlai Stevenson's cousin at a mock political convention, announced their engagement two days after Stevenson's 1956 debacle at the polls, and finally married the charming Helen Stevenson, twenty years his junior. The *Post* called Meyner the successor to Prince Rainier as Bridegroom of the Year.

Prince Robert has the knack of catching the public's imagination. And he makes it a point to meet voters nearly every day. He is a quick-moving, impressive figure with a fast-working, calculating mind that is supremely self-confident—perhaps too much so for his own political good. It is easy to admire Meyner as a governor and dislike him as a man.

The most frequent explanation for the Meyner of today is his humble beginnings. Born in Easton, Pennsylvania, of parents of German background who were both textile workers, he started working a full shift in the silk mills himself during high school and has a partially amputated index finger, the result of a mill accident, to show for it. He decided at the age of eight that he wanted to be a lawyer. Young Meyner, working himself through Lafayette College and Columbia Law School, displayed all the qualities necessary for getting ahead. He was—and is—a phenomenally hard worker; at the executive office in Trenton, he often drives himself twelve hours at a time.

But with success came a certain smugness and even a disdain for others. Perhaps this is the manifestation of a basic insecurity. Beneath his boyish shock of greying hair, Meyner's penetrating, cold, blue eyes betray distrust. He has the politician's predilection for meeting people, but he likes few of them; he is loyal to those he does like, often carries a grudge against those he doesn't, and studiously avoids close friendship with any. Raised as a Catholic, he gave up any religious tie at eighteen—a fact bound to be used politically against him. His self-centered disposition and capacity for keeping busy made his marriage a surprise to many.

There are times, as when he leans back in his leather chair beneath a portrait of Woodrow Wilson and laughs heartily, that the Governor seems big, almost reminiscent of F.D.R. Actually, he is short, although rugged-looking, with tanned, sharp features, easy movements and a resonant voice.

BUT A CLOSER look reveals serious limitations for a man who is being talked about for the Democratic Presidential nomination three years hence.

Meyner has a lawyer's mind; he delights in taunting his opponents and in teasing his interrogators, the press, at the exercises in circumlocution which he calls his press conferences. But there is little depth. He is certainly no egghead and has no real cultural interest. His sense of humor, exercised often at others' expense, consists almost entirely of bad puns at which he giggles. He displays an ignorance of the social graces, acts often like a proud little boy amid new-found riches, and can be almost boorish in taking from others without showing a corresponding willingness to give.

But these things are not fatal for a Presidential hopeful. After all, a sensitive intellectual like Stevenson is a rarity in politics. What is much more damaging is that Meyner is a follower and not a leader of public opinion. What may have already soured some Democratic leaders on him is his frequent lack of decisiveness and his failure to take sides when confronted with tough issues. Both are Eisenhower shortcomings.

Meyner recently summed up his philosophy in these stirring words, "You can't be a leader unless you know where the people want to go."

It is thus hard to label Meyner. He has been praised as a liberal by David Dubinsky and hailed as a conservative by Allan Shivers. To call him a moderate is to push him further into the shadows. A member

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Governor Meyner of New Jersey

of his cabinet versed in political theory rationalizes, "Meyner is for the underdog, but without being paternalistic about it." Republicans degrade him as a New Deal spender.

Meyner does not operate by any discernible standard of what is right and what is wrong, but rather by what he decides is right in a given situation. Then he sticks stubbornly to his decision, with mixed results. The only time as Governor he took a purely ideological stand on an issue was when, in August of 1956, the Republican state senate balked at confirming his nomination of a respected, retired judge, John O. Bigelow, to the Rutgers University board of governors. The complaint was that Bigelow had represented three Newark school teachers who pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the Un-American Activities Committee. Meyner's angry characterization of the senate's reaction as a "vestige of McCarthyism," perpetrated by men who didn't understand the Bill of Rights, contributed to a widespread protest that made Bigelow's final confirmation notable as a victory for public pressure against McCarthyism.

BUT ON virtually all other national and international issues, Meyner remains steadfastly non-committal. A governor's political strength lies partly in his not having to take as many stands as a U. S. Senator. But Meyner has avoided taking a stand even on issues as vital to all states as federal school-construction aid. The classic example of his fence-straddling was when, although an avowed Stevenson supporter, he successfully opposed Estes Kefauver in the 1956 New Jersey Presidential primary with a convention slate pledged to no one, not even himself.

As it turned out, Meyner threw New Jersey's support to Stevenson at the convention at the opportune moment; even so, he was the only one of the six men acceptable to Stevenson for the Vice Presidential nomination not to make a run for it. His campaigning for Stevenson was notable for its lack of enthusiasm. He refused, for example, to back unequivocally Stevenson's demand for stopping H-bomb tests.

It is a tribute to Meyner's evasiveness that he has thus far managed to avoid saying anything that might indicate where he stands on the question of civil rights in the South. It will be interesting to see how long he can maintain this silence.

But Meyner is still concerned mainly with the problems of New Jersey. He may not be a leader, but he can be viewed as one of the few governors of the state since Wilson to survey the entire mechanism of state government with a view to changing it to meet changing human needs.

Wilson, however, like Stevenson, was first of all a thinker, an idealist. Meyner is a doer and sees his job as calling for a doer. Wilson is naturally one of his heroes, but so is Robert Moses. His political philosophy, such as it is, may embrace the idea of protecting the average man's opportunities and rights. But he is not particularly interested in mobilizing opinion toward that or any other objective end. He is concerned with using and improving New Jersey's progressive 1947 constitution, which gives him unusual executive power, to respond to day-to-day needs.

Here credit must be given where credit is due. Meyner has developed in three-and-a-half years into an immensely capable administrator. This is his one strong point. He works his subordinates hard, but they remain devoted.

His principal aides fall into no set pattern. His cabinet includes such A.D.A. liberals as former Congressman Charles R. Howell, who lost a close Senate election to Clifford P. Case in 1954; Joseph E. McLean, Princeton professor of public administration; and Archibald S. Alexander, Under Secretary of the Army under Truman, who left Trenton last year to head Volunteers for Stevenson. But he has also maddened patronage-hungry Democratic leaders by naming and renaming Republicans to high state posts. His claim that he appoints by merit alone doesn't always ring true, but when

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he likes a man, he is capable of throwing political considerations to the wind. An example is the case of Joseph Weintraub, a capable lawyer who, as a member of the bi-state Waterfront Commission, refused to knuckle under to the International Longshoremen's Association during its illegal 1955 strike. Meyner supported him then, and in little more than a year, elevated him to the post of Chief Justice of New Jersey.

The man closest to Meyner's way of doing things is Dwight R. G. Palmer, a retired industrialist who, since reaching the age of seventy, has taken to reforming the state's highway department and other agencies. Palmer is a liberal in the sense that he puts modern corporation principles to work to serve people. Meyner has carried business efficiency in government one step further by working hand-in-glove with New Jersey's Republican business community, which has happily adopted him as its fair-haired boy.

The Governor has been able to borrow, free of charge, personnel from private corporations for special task forces which he puts to work solving state administrative problems. The Hoffman scandal was unearthed by a Prudential Insurance Company study for Meyner of the method of paying unemployment insurance, which was subsequently speeded up. Prudential and other firms have been tapped for talent for over twenty-five joint business-government surveys to find answers to questions like how to renew motorist credentials by mail and how to increase state employees' salaries.

Meyner tries to find out "where the people want to go," not to guide them. His badge is good government and clean government, not imaginative and courageous government. On many critical state problems, he has merely outlined the needs, not proposed solutions. He would rather the GOP legislature make the mistakes.

On this carefully laid foundation, Meyner is standing for reelection. His opponent, thirty-eight-year-old Malcolm Forbes, as ambitious as Meyner but more like a brash Princeton undergraduate than anything else, is aware of the Governor's shortcomings, but doesn't think they can be dramatized. He has resorted to charging Meyner with fomenting a state sales or income tax through record spending and to manufacturing a state issue out of a private insurance company scandal. New Jersey will have a sales or income tax regardless of who is elected.

While Meyner is banking on holding his own against Forbes with the state's predominant independent Republican vote, machine politics, despite the downfall of Hague and Kenny, still play a role in Jersey elections. The Hudson County situation is now so tangled with rival Democratic factions that Meyner's normal plurality there could be significantly reduced. As is his wont, Meyner has declined to recognize any faction or to acknowledge that there is a place where his future is not the most important political consideration.

Meyner is more like Ike than Forbes, the self-styled Eisenhower Republican, can ever hope to be. And if Meyner is reelected by a substantial majority of Eisenhower votes, he will be the leading governor seeking to succeed the President.

There are many who feel that Meyner would make an ideal candidate for Vice President, but that as President he could not offer the kind of leadership that the Democratic Party, the nation and the free world will need after eight years of Eisenhower. Under the American political system, this fact does not necessarily count him out. On the contrary, Meyner is the kind of nondescript figure in public life who could survive a process of elimination and attrition among strong-minded men. Perhaps this is what he is counting on. Perhaps he thinks that by keeping his mouth shut he will, in the end, survive to present the country an all-embracing, good-natured Ike image capable of sweeping the elections.

But Meyner is a fatalist as well as a schemer. The Meyner myth has been created so far mainly by his being in the right place at the right time. He is willing to continue taking his chances.

SPORTS IN AMERICA

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST . . *by Roger Kahn*

[*This is the concluding article of a three-part series on Sports in America by a journalist who covered sports for many years for the daily press and is now sports editor of* Newsweek.]

ATHLETES, like the soldiers of Siegfried Sassoon's poem, draw no dividends from time's tomorrows. Their skill is strength, their day is youth and the future they wanted is now. Ahead, unless the athlete is Jackie Robinson or Casey Stengel, lies a long decline into obscurity, not necessarily with all expenses paid.

Lauritz Melchior sang Tristan at fifty-nine. Cary Grant retains his choice of ingénues at fifty-three. But the athlete, even in the comparatively gentle sport of baseball, becomes an anachronism before he reaches forty. It is not even possible for an athlete to age gracefully. Instead of fading softly toward Valhalla, Babe Ruth grew fatter, slower and still took the field. Klieg lights played on Joe Louis' bald spot, when, as an aged fighter, he fell before ordinary punches thrown by ordinary boxers. Only last June, Ben Hogan limped away from the first tee at the National Open Golf Tournament, complaining of a sharp pain in his chest. Always, even on his most memorable days, the athlete's life is building toward an anti-climax.

During his good years, the star

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athlete in America is surrounded by so many idolators and paid so handsome a salary that it is easy for him to discount the future. Sugar Ray Robinson travels with a cheerful retinue that includes a barber and, in keeping with the best pre-Renaissance tradition, a dwarf. Joe DiMaggio spent a few years as husband to Marilyn Monroe. Rocky Marciano sold the story of his life, in six parts, to *The Saturday Evening Post* for almost $100,000. Eddie Arcaro, the jockey, sold a briefer version of his life to *Look* for $25,000, then peddled a five-parter on how to ride a race horse to *Sports Illustrated* for an unannounced but undoubtedly substantial sum. Early Wynn, the Cleveland pitcher, flies his own plane when he is not piloting his boat or driving one of his two cars or swimming in his pool.

CLEARLY, for a thoroughly shallow man, there is no more satisfactory way to spend the youthful years than as a professional athlete. It is a point in favor of American athletes that most of them do look ahead and admit that the prospect is at best unnerving. Insecurity is as large a factor in athletic life as it is in the advertising business. The major difference is that athletes are less expressive; they cannot transform their anxieties into a novel.

The future hovers darkly and daily pressure to succeed becomes towering. Baseball has the best word for loss of nerve. The word is "choke" and it implies that the choker cannot swallow during moments of tension. Among the stars who have been accused of choking are Don Newcombe, the Dodger pitcher; Ted Williams, the Boston slugger; Granny Hamner, the Philadelphia infielder, and, for a time, Allie Reynolds, the Yankee pitcher who later turned out to be one of the most courageous of athletes. Once the choke label has been applied it sticks, like gum on a shoe. The athlete reads "choke" in the sports page, hears "choke" from the grandstands and absorbs a merciless needling from his rivals. "Hey," a player shouted at Don Newcombe recently, "What has two legs, two arms and no guts?"

Although "choke" is applied to comparatively few athletes, the nature of the work forces every man, even the most successful, to prove himself each day. "I've got to ride to win," says Ted Atkinson, the jockey. "I've got to be there first." Clem Labine, the Dodger pitcher, says, "I've never wanted to be a Yankee like other guys. I've always wanted to beat the Yankees." Some boxers have fought ten rounds with a broken hand; Johnny Bratton once fought on for three rounds with a broken jaw.

ATHLETICS ARE a masculine activity and without calling for Dr. Freud, it is possible to assert that the athlete is demonstrating his manliness whenever he works. This dovetails rather nicely with the American concept of what an athlete should be.

On the back of Wheaties' boxes long ago, major league baseball players suggested, "Plenty of fresh air, sunshine and exercise." Followers of bubble-gum cards in those leisurely days learned that few athletes drank or smoked and that they all got plenty of sleep. In addition, Hollywood has regularly shown sports heroes visiting children's hospitals and being kind to dogs. The total picture reveals a moral man. But this moral man is nobody to push around. He fights with his fists when he is driven to it—by a bean ball, perhaps, or by an opposing lineman's shoddy attempt to knee him in the groin. He fights hard and cleanly and morally. He loses like a gentleman.

As sports expanded, the mold of the ideal athlete became more and more sharply defined. Naturally, the image was most profoundly impressed upon unsophisticated people—people like athletes. Today the majority of athletes consciously strive to act as they have been taught to believe good athletes should. There are sporadic break-throughs when items on paternity suits or night-club brawls hit the papers, but a ball club, typically, is as much like a Rotary Club as anything else.

For every baseball man who agrees with Al Lopez that "their private life is their own business as long as they keep out of the gossip columns," there are a dozen who preach Baseball as a religion. Once, after Duke Snider remarked that if it wasn't for the money he'd be just as happy never to play another baseball game, Snider and I expanded the theme into an article for *Collier's* which brought the wrath of Walter O'Malley down on our heads. "How could they do something like this?" O'Malley said in the tone of a priest considering an apostate. "It's bad for Baseball." My defense was truth and I felt no compunctions, but Snider was genuinely troubled. "I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt The Game," he said. The article was softened before it appeared.

Any number of jockeys hate horses. The animals weigh a half-ton and trainers say they are exceedingly stupid. The 100-pound rider resents the 1,000-pound animal who could kill him with one particularly stupid act such as trying to run through the wooden guard rail. But trying to get a jockey to admit that a horse is an unpleasant condition of his employment is like urging a newlywed to criticize his

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wife. In movies and juvenile books, jockeys love horses. Real-life jockeys, taken with the image, insist that they do too.

Professional football players, through exposure to college, become notably voluble moralists. "I always got to think before I act," a pro tackle once confided, "because after all, a couple of million kids are looking up to me."

Where athletes fail to measure up to their own standard is in vocabulary. Inside a clubhouse, the four-letter word is adjective, noun and verb. The same ball player who had apologized for saying "damn" in the presence of a lady, recently led a sharp campaign of riding an umpire on the grounds of a latent homosexuality. Several years ago, Warren Giles, the president of the National League, sat close to the field in Cincinnati and overheard the Dodgers shouting at the umpires; a breeze was carrying the voices backwards through air vents in the dugout. Giles, who should have known better, was shocked. He fined several players and wrote a letter to the manager asking him to demand more sporting conduct.

But here is the joker and the trap. The athlete is taught to be a sportsman, then told to win at any price. Be kind to children and spike the second baseman. Talk at a father-and-son banquet and butt the other fighter in the clinch. Keep your hands clean. Don't worry about your knees.

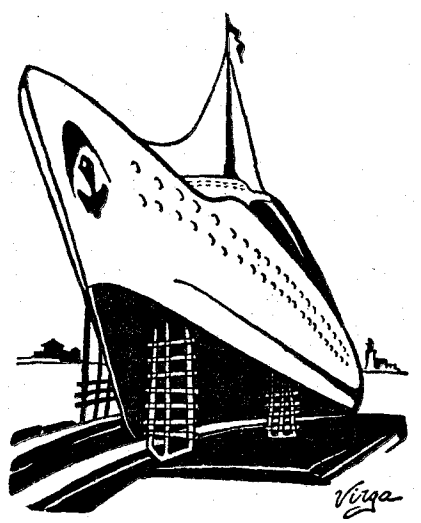
It is to the rebel from this double image that people close to athletics most often turn. There is no pretense in Sal Maglie, the pitcher. "I'll throw at a batter's head," Maglie says, "because getting him out is my job." Leo Durocher never forgot that he had been a gutter fighter and could say casually, "Nice guys finish last." Ted Williams knows his mind and speaks his piece. While the ideal athlete would welcome two hitches in the Marine Corps, at an earning loss of $200,000, Williams did not. If you want to know what's wrong with Boston sportswriting, he'll tell you that at staggering length. (Even if you don't want to know, Williams will tell you.) Bob Feller criticized baseball before a Congressional committee. Ray Robinson laughed at the millionaires behind the International Boxing Club. Doug Ford ignores the golf tradition that every shot requires an eternity of sighting, analysis and prayer.

THE REBELS, are the real heroes to those few people who know sports best, but for the others, any superstar should do. With a bat, Mickey Mantle is an exciting, fluent person, and Willie Mays is an intense and lonely artist. Fans don't talk to Mays and Mantle; they watch them perform.

In the course of years everyone but the slowest of athletes learns how to make a brief speech. He parrots a few bright sayings. He learns when to lapse into silence. If ultimately he is dull as dirt, that is not fair grounds for indictment. He is a hero only because of a curious and special talent. He endures his insecurities. He knows he could wind up with Dazzy Vance, selling bait at a Florida fishing dock, but still he follows his star. According to his lights, he is a manly and a moral human being. He fits the ideal image and the image fits him. If this displeases you, blame the image, but do not blame the physical man.

U.S. SHIPS and FOREIGN FLAGS . . *by Walter Hamshar*

TWO YEARS AGO shipbuilding was at such low ebb that some of the nation's yards were faced with the prospect of closing. As a result, the Federal Maritime Administration, which has jurisdiction over privately-operated yards, adopted a series of measures, the most important of which was to extend to owners permission to transfer their older vessels from American to foreign registry in exchange for contracts to build equivalent tonnage for operation under the United States flag. The policy had the desired effect. Between January 1, 1956, and March 15, 1957, owners obtained permission to transfer sixty-six



American freighters and tankers and in turn contracted to build twenty-three larger ships in American yards. Thus the shipbuilding disaster was averted, though American yards are operating at a fraction of their capacity, while British and West German yards are booked three and four years ahead.

But the transfers have raised a storm of protest from American maritime unions, whose members have lost jobs as a consequence. True, the owners are committed to build equivalent tonnage, but the unions point out: (1) The transfer of tonnage to another flag is permitted as soon as contracts for new ships are placed, which means that the displaced seamen must wait at least two years before they will be needed to man a new vessel; (2) When an owner is permitted to transfer up to three tanker ships of 16,000 deadweight tons in exchange for building one new tanker which

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can transport 45,000 deadweight tons at a faster speed, there is a permanent loss of seamen's jobs (it takes about seventy-five men to run a 45,000-ton tanker, whereas three 16,000-tonners require at least 150 men).

Agitation against continuing the liberal transfer policy has induced Senator Warren G. Magnuson (D.-Wash.) to introduce a bill imposing severe conditions upon further transfers. His is only the latest of several attempts which have been made in Congress to bar or restrict merchant-ship transfers. Basically, Congress has always felt that total prohibition would constitute invasion of the constitutional rights of private property; i.e., that the shipowner should no more be barred from disposing of his property abroad than a shoe or automobile manufacturer. The counter-argument, of course, is that the preservation of our merchant marine is essential to national defense.

WHILE Congress has never voted for total prohibition, it approved the 1916 shipping act, which made it unlawful for a merchant-shipowner to sell his ship for foreign registry without the consent of the Federal Maritime Administration. The constitutionality of this provision has never been thoroughly tested, principally because the FMA has never given shipowners sufficient cause to seek such a test. Such sales are often a transfer of registry, with no real change of ownership.

By transferring his vessels to a foreign registry, an owner can save a lot of money. For one thing, he can incorporate as a business in a country which has no income taxes; for another, he can hire foreign seamen at wages less than half those received by Americans (the wages of German or Italian merchant crews are one-third those of Americans). He no longer has to meet the expensive safety standards set for United States vessels, and he can have his ships repaired in foreign yards at costs only a fraction of those on this side of the Atlantic.

In recognition of the high operating costs of U.S.-registry vessels, the United States Government pays subsidies for merchant ships carrying general cargo in regular trade routes. But tramp ships that transport bulk cargoes of grain, coal or similar commodities along no specific route are not eligible for subsidies; neither are ore-carriers nor tankers. Under such circumstances, it would seem that owners of unsubsidized ships would refuse to operate under the American flag. Two factors, however, induce them to continue operations: first, all coastwise and intercoastal shipping is restricted to U.S.-flag ships (only an American tanker, for instance, can carry petroleum from Texas to New York); second, at least half of all government-financed cargoes in the foreign-aid program must be carried in American bottoms. Many operators bought World War II ships from the government for American registry so they could participate in transporting the tremendous flow of cargoes which has been sent abroad under foreign-aid programs in the last ten years.

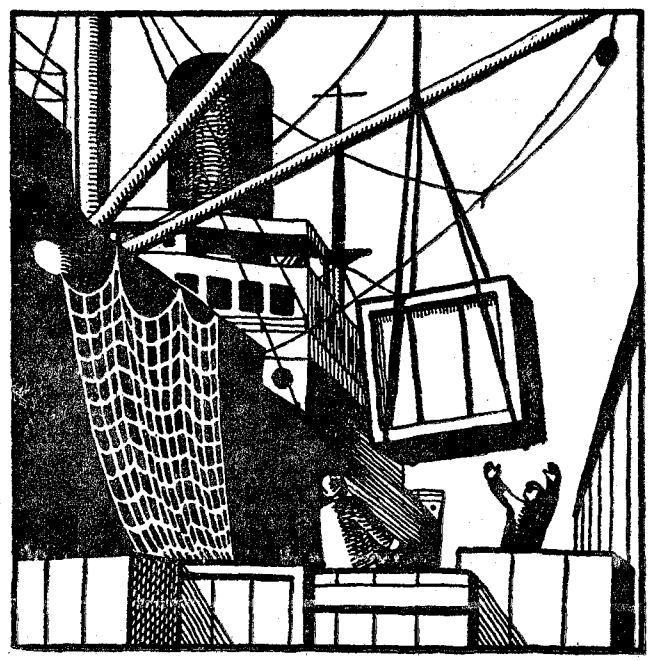
But now foreign aid has diminished, and there is no longer enough cargo to keep all ships employed. At the same time, these ships cannot compete with foreign vessels on the world-transport market.

The government's "trade-out-and-build" policy, as it has come to be called, is regulated to provide that ships are transferred only to such foreign flags as will make the vessels available to this country in an emergency. American-owned ships registered under the flags of Panama, Honduras and Liberia are considered to be under such "effective control." Transfers to the Russian, Polish or other Communist flags would certainly not be permitted, and it is at least doubtful that transfers to the British, Norwegian, German or Italian flags would be approved.

Maritime unions regard the "effective control" theory as no control. And they contend that while oil companies, steel manufacturers and other United States interests sail their ships under "effective control" flags, they continue to rely on the Navy to keep the sea lanes open. Thus they receive services for which they pay no taxes.

In the last six months, the market prices for merchant vessels, and especially those not under U.S. registry, have skyrocketed. During the Suez Canal crisis, a U. S.-registered Liberty ship had a market value of about $850,000 to $875,000; a similar ship under the Panamanian flag was sold for $1,876,000. Prices for foreign-registered 16,000-ton tankers shot up to $4,000,000; tankers under American registry brought less than half that amount. The price discrepancy is another factor stimulating the transfer of U. S.-owned ships to foreign flags.

Under Magnuson's bill, no ship



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transfer would be permitted until the Secretary of Defense certified that the ship had no value for national defense, the Secretary of Commerce certified that it had no value to the nation's foreign or interstate commerce, and the Secretary of State certified that the transfer would further the foreign policy of the United States. Even after these certifications were secured—if they ever could be—the Federal Maritime Administration would have to determine, after a public hearing, that the vessel had no value at all to this country.

IN OPPOSING the measure, shipowners warn that it would force them to keep obsolete and uneconomical ships under the American flag at financial loss, while at the same time preventing them from acquiring, by construction in American yards, modern and more economical tonnage. James C. Anderson, executive secretary of the American Tramp Shipowners Association, testified that passage of the bill would be a "definite and sure warning to all concerned" not to invest in American unsubsidized construction. "Who would contemplate such building with the fear that all flexibility would be taken out of the possibility of foreign transfer?" he asked.

Clarence G. Morse, maritime administrator, testified that the sixty-six ships transferred to foreign registry between January 1, 1956, and March 1, 1957, would have provided 16,875 man-years of seafaring employment during the remaining portion of the vessels' normal twenty-year lives had they remained under the American flag. But, he continued, by authorizing their transfer in exchange for new construction, "We assured 22,872 man-years of seafaring employment covering the twenty-year period of the new tankers" plus another "18,750 man-years of shipyard employment."

Millard G. Gamble, president of Esso Shipping Company, an affiliate of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) noted that his company maintains a fleet of U. S. flag vessels sufficient to meet the annual requirements of its coastwise trade:

> Permission to sell or transfer a vessel to foreign registry is a means of keeping the United States fleet modern by making room for the construction of modern U.S.-flag tonnage before older vessels reach normal retirement age," he testified. "As long as the requirements of our foreign business are such as to indicate the need for additional ships, there is [*under present regulations*] an inducement to follow the course of building for United States flag and selling and transferring existing older tonnage to foreign flag. If such permission were not granted, we might have to continue existing tonnage under the United States flag until obsolescence and then build replacements, in the meantime building new ships abroad for foreign-flag service.

Arguing that a continued liberal transfer policy will result in the scuttling of "merchant fleets of all major maritime powers," Hoyt S. Haddock, executive secretary of the AFL-CIO maritime committee, pleaded for the adoption of a strong "trade-in policy" under which the government would pay world-market prices for ships traded in for the purpose of building new tonnage. But both the Navy and the Maritime Administration, doubtful that an economy-minded Congress would appropriate sufficient trade-in allowance, are sticking to the "effective control" method as the best for building up a reserve fleet for the nation's use in emergencies. In this connection, Vice-Admiral William M. Callaghan, U. S. N. (retired), testified in 1950 before a Senate committee that "there is an understanding with at least one of the Latin American Governments which provides for the return to United States registry in the event of an emergency of American-owned vessels documented in that country." Only a few weeks ago the Navy announced that the flags of Liberia and Honduras were considered to be included in its orbit of "effective control."

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover.)

as a member of a special committee of inquiry of the Civil Liberties Union (Hartford, Connecticut) to investigate the whole issue of obscenity censorship. The Knights of Columbus have been waging a public campaign in this area in the past year to "clean up the newsstands." At first the campaign was purely private: boycott, news stories, leaflets, etc. But earlier this year the vice squad and prosecutor's office in Hartford and nearby communities have been enlisted to invoke a bill passed by the legislature last year against comic books. At first the measure caused some consternation among officials, who feared enforcement would invoke charges of censorship. Now that the Supreme Court has ruled similar obscenity laws constitutional, new heart apparently has been given to the campaign. The First Amendment, according to Brennan, does not protect literature which has a "prurient" interest. The implications of this have important national significance beyond Connecticut. Many other states have been quietly undergoing similar developments. Although the "peep hole" magazines are the first affected (in Stamford, some thirty have been prohibited), the danger is that the censorship is extending beyond the "strip tease" affairs to "expose" magazines, paper backs, and literature in general. A climate of intimidation in fact has eliminated many other magazines, without a court hearing, since many dealers and distributors are fearful of the consequences of public opinion or legal action.

It is essential that people concerned with preserving freedom of speech be alerted to the dangers inherent in the "obscenity" concept (as Justices Black and Douglas pointed out in their dissenting opinions). What is "obscenity"? Where do we draw the line between a free market of ideas and "moral protection of children"? Barring an overturn of the Supreme Court decision (which presently is unlikely), the only answer to the problem is that interested people be willing to enter into the courts and the public arena, carefully scrutinize each item so censored, and if necessary defend it from attack, even if this is an unpopular cause. Unless liberal opinion is alerted now, the new wave of puritanical moralism sweeping many sections of the country may very well reach the proportions that prohibitionism or McCarthyism had in their impact on freedom.

PAUL W. KURTZ

Hartford, Conn.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Three Windows on Spain

THE FACE OF SPAIN. By Gerald Brenan. Grove Press. 310 pp. $1.45.

PAGAN SPAIN. By Richard Wright. Harper and Brothers. 241 pp. $4.

THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS. By Herbert L. Matthews. George Braziller, Inc. 203 pp. $3.75.

Joseph H. Silverman

ON MARCH 4, 1946, the Department of State released to the press a clearly-worded statement to the effect that the governments of France, the United Kingdom and the United States of America had agreed that "so long as General Franco continued in control of Spain, the Spanish people [could] not anticipate full and cordial association with the nations of the world which [had], by common effort, brought defeat to German Nazism and Italian Fascism, which aided the present Spanish regime in its rise to power and after which the regime was patterned." On May 11, 1949, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson made some moving extemporaneous remarks on United States policy toward Spain. For him, the Spanish government was a Fascist dictatorship. And not content with "throwing around words," he proceeded to clarify his terms. The writ of habeas corpus, trial by jury, religious liberty, freedom of the press, the right of association in political, trade union and benevolent activities—*none* of these fundamental human rights existed in Spain, and the Spanish people were "prevented from enjoying them by action" of the Franco government.

In 1949, it seemed perfectly clear to the Western European nations (at least it seemed clear to Dean Acheson) that they could not have an "intimate working partnership with such a regime in the economic and . . . defense field" unless it were to be liberalized. And yet on July 16, 1951, Admiral Forest Sherman, United States Chief of Naval Operations, discussed with Franco the possibility of establishing U.S. air and naval bases in Spain. During that same year began the flow of United States Government aid to Spain which, from a "trickle" of $62,500,000 in Export-Import Bank credit, has grown to $230,000,000 in economic aid since 1953 ($50,000,000 more for the fiscal year 1957), with at least $400,000,000 to be spent on military installations, and $225,000,000 in surplus farm commodities already provided, to be paid for in pesetas.

Are we to understand from all this that Spain was indeed liberalized after 1949? Not at all! As Mr. Matthews bitterly observes, "Franco did not change his politics in the slightest; we changed ours." We joined forces with "one of the most tenacious and outstanding enemies of democracy in the world—in order to defend democracy."

In 1949, it may well have been sensational for the exiled Republican leader, J. Alvarez del Vayo, to have written I Got into Spain [*The Nation*, September 3rd], in which he described briefly but graphically the misery, the corruption, the brutality and the insecurity of Franco's police state. But by that time Franco no longer feared such exposés. He had already come to realize that there was no need to hide his sins from the world, that it was only a question of time—and a short time—before the United Nations would cordially welcome him into its midst. Although del Vayo entered Spain at great personal risk and barely managed to escape with the story of his "perilous mission," tourists from all over Europe and America were discovering or rediscovering Spain while enjoying a fair measure of freedom. Among the first of them was the well-known English journalist, historian and literary critic Gerald Brenan, author of *The Spanish Labyrinth*, one of the most lucid analyses of modern Spanish politics available in English, and also of a highly personal history of Spanish literature.

After an absence of some thirteen years, Mr. Brenan had returned to write about a country that he knew and loved profoundly. *The Face of Spain*, originally published in 1950, is a condensation of a diary he kept while traveling in the central and southern regions of the country. On the pages of his book great cities, unfrequented villages, numerous landscapes, rivers, buildings, cemeteries, battlefields are all evoked in a series of magnificent portraits. And through an accumulation of meaningful details and discerning observations on history, works of art, economics, the Inquisition, etc., one is made to feel that Mr. Brenan knows not only how to describe but what is worth describing. For this reason, in addition to the face of Spain, the author has succeeded in giving us flashes of insight into its soul.

TIRED OF politics, the disillusioning Hispanic variety in particular, Mr. Brenan sought to avoid giving it especial attention. That proved to be quite impossible. He discovered that the Spaniard's desire to speak of Franco's Spain was as overwhelmingly ubiquitous as the traditional Spanish poverty and hunger that by 1949 had reached horrifying, brutalizing extremes. In a sense these extremes are the measure of Franco's greatness, for as "a man on the bus put the matter . . . Franco is teaching Spaniards a wonderful thing—how to live without eating."

It has often been observed that in Spain life seems to acquire a new dimension. For Mr. Brenan, it was manifested in a freedom and spontaneity unknown to him in England, a zest and vitality that not even the Franco regime could extirpate from the Spanish spirit. Against the

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Spaniard's passionate desire to test the limits of his freedom (which has frequently resulted in its loss), Mr. Brenan contrasts the Englishman's love of order and social justice, his sense of national cohesion. The author's lyrical conclusion, in which the virtues and defects of England are seen in the light of his recent visit to Spain, leads me to believe that were he to be faced with a choice between life in England or Spain he could only choose both.

RICHARD WRIGHT's *Pagan Spain* is another matter. It is the result of a relatively brief first visit to Spain by an intelligent and articulate *aficionado*. Mr. Wright covered a sizable portion of the country and had the good fortune to meet people from all walks of life who spoke to him (not in Spanish) on the most significant and insignificant aspects of Spanish life in a prose made genuine and dramatic by the gifted novelist. The book is an impressive accomplishment. The material on bullfighting is fresh, vital and three-dimensional, not merely a catalog of tauromachic terminology interspersed with Manoletes, Belmontes and Joselitos for the sophisticated. His brief chapter on Protestantism in Spain is a poignant, incisive delineation of the anguished existence of people whose crime is that they are Protestant and live in Spain. There is a heartfelt eulogy of Spanish women, who make "what little structure there is to Spanish society," and brilliant intuitive observations on Spanish politics and the Spaniard's unique variety of Catholicism.

But Mr. Wright is overambitious and tends to generalize and pontificate in a manner unbefitting the neophyte. For him, "*Spain was not yet even Christian!* It had never been converted, not to Protestantism, not even to *Catholicism* itself!" On the subject of sex we are told that "every dog in Spain seemed in heat; canine copulation was everywhere"; the rocks at Montserrat formed "a kind of universe haunted by phallic images. . . . a conglomeration of erect stone penises"; "Spain seemed one vast brothel." Américo Castro's masterwork, *The Structure of Spanish History*, and Salvador de Madariaga's *Spain* are dismissed in one brief paragraph as "monuments of scholarship" that occasionally *hint* at fundamental truths but that do not go "deeply and boldly enough into the real heart of the question of the Spanish animal." The implication, of course, is that the omniscient Mr. Wright has finally solved the mystery of "What is Spain and the Spaniard?" His conclusion, indeed the tone of his entire work, is negative. Symptomatic of his "undeniable and inescapable Protestant background and conditioning," his "irredeemably secular attitude," his reverence for science, industry and "the pragmatically rational," is the statement that "the Spaniards had despoiled entire continents." It is nothing less than shocking to find that the accumulated ignorance and prejudice, the calculated malevolence of the Black Legend have found a new spokesman in Richard Wright. And so it is beautifully ironic that Sigmund Freud—for whom Mr. Wright seems to have great admiration—should have chosen, as the one word to define the limits of his genius, precisely the word that for Mr. Wright means "despoiler of entire continents": "I am not really a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, and not a thinker. I am nothing but by temperament a *conquistador*. . . ."

Herbert L. Matthews devotes the

Ode to the Memory of Paul Wightman Williams, Painter

Muse, I would make a collage
Of the friend I have known and that far Tennessee where his life
Was both moulded and marred; would recover the attic
Where his heart first conceived a foreseeable joy
And the small mansard window from which he gazed on the paddock,
Spiritual and abstract, a St. Francis of birds.

But how could he thrive in this paddock
Heavy with horse dung, amid that gray stubble which birds
Largely disdain? His eyes, slanting, begot a collage
On the innocent ground, then fled to adventure a life
Where the long-handled brush impeccably kept in the attic
Would breathe onto each canvas a moment of joy.

O the child's fierce secret joy
As he tore the posts and rode through the breach in the paddock
Past the startled snake under the rock, the nesting bird,
While overhead the clouds composed a collage,
Wind-lashed, with such incongruous scraps of life
As shall not ever, he vows, re-litter his attic.

Yet what was his salt if not Attic,
Seasoning ever so little those meat-scraps which life
Leaves on our platter? I dream of his latest collage
Where wing of angel lies close against gizzard of bird
—Christ *in extremis* perhaps—, where the lord of the paddock
Shreds into sections the queasiest taste can enjoy.

Paul, even so: in this life
Could you be wholly at ease with the head in the attic
Leering from over your bedstead? No fountain of joy
Save for himself, your wire-drawn idol: collage
Of the Nazarene and Narcissus; svelte, mischievous bird
Ready to pounce on its prey in the sun-drenched paddock.

For you are back where the birds
Feed to be fed on; that bloody circle your joy
Overpassed for a spell; the unspeakable paddock
Out of mind's reach maybe yet forever watched from the attic
By the wild saviour you wrought and those knife-edged squares of collage
Which as they seamlessly closed had stripped you of life.

Rest in joy, sweet androgynous life, composed as your boldest collage,
While like mares in the paddock your sisters rage through the attic
Entranced with those pieces of truth they peck at like birds.

FRANCIS GOLFFING

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first two chapters of *The Yoke and the Arrows* to the Civil War years; he writes with undisguised feelings of nostalgia and pride. "I know, as surely as I know anything in this world, that nothing so wonderful will ever happen to me again as those two and a half years I spent in Spain." Brave and outspoken man that he is, Mr. Matthews will have no part of the "official" myth that has been created to assuage the collective conscience of democratic peoples throughout the world who remained "neutral" while the Republican Government of Spain was destroyed. He makes very clear that the Loyalists were not "Reds," that the Spanish Republic was at the time "Red," and that Spain was not saved from communism by Franco and his German and Italian allies. Moreover, he dares to praise the International Brigade unstintingly, reminding us that its members brought "glory and enrichment to the life of our times."

FOR Mr. Matthews the Civil War was not a sudden, meteoric outburst in Spanish history, but rather an "explosive climax" to long years of dolorous preparation filled with fratricidal wars and violent incompatibility between liberals and traditionalists (in 1896 Angel Ganivet wrote that Spaniards live in perpetual civil war). Against this background we can understand the author's observation that "despite his constant harping on communism, Franco knew that his real enemy was liberalism—and he still knows it." (Shortly before committing suicide in 1837, a young Spanish liberal wrote: "To be a liberal in Spain is to be a potential émigré." How little times have changed!)

In the next chapter, Mr. Matthews explains the difficult and dangerous role successfully played by the canny Franco in World War II. As a master of double-dealing, he was able to play with both sides.

Mr. Matthews offers a convincing portrait of the dictator based on many revealing anecdotes, authenticated incidents and intimate details. If the *Caudillo* has remained in *absolute* control of Spain it is not because he has brought the conflicting elements of Spanish society into harmony, but because there is "no alternative to Generalissimo Franco, and he has seen to it that none has arisen," and because "fear of another civil war" is greater than the desire for change. The chapters on the economy and the Americans contain important facts and statistics, properly arranged and forcefully appraised. Mr. Matthews discusses the terrible graft and corruption that characterize the regime and "the dire poverty of most Spaniards," but he does not hide or minimize the fact that the situation is improving and that "substantial progress has been made in housing, public health, social insurance, cooperatives and education." His material on the Americans is basically an attempt to explain the sinuous route of our foreign policy toward Spain as outlined in the first part of this review. He regrets that "we are cordial and flattering" to Franco and that most Americans consider him and his regime good for Spain. (President Eisenhower's recent congratulatory message to Franco on the twenty-first anniversary of the rebellion against the Republic is one more declaration of our love.)

THE AUTHOR'S treatment of the Church is thorough and honest; he provides important data on its extraordinary powers, a well-documented section on Protestantism which confirms Mr. Wright's more impassioned approach to the subject, and some optimistic words on a significant change in the Spanish Church brought about by a movement toward Rome and a concomitant tempering of Spanish fanaticism. But there is one section on the "remarkable lay order known as Opus Dei" that demands comment. Mr. Matthews observes that the organization "is doing much to raise educational standards . . . to raise the intellectual level of the clergy . . . to broaden the outlook," and that it "has some claims to being liberal." These statements do not compare with the bizarre assertions found in *Time* (March 18, 1957)

Precarious Serene

It was no moth
Weaving a candle down,
But a white spider,
A trapezing clown,
Spreading umbrella
Till it held
And spelled the light's intention.

Nothing was cindered
In the trance,
Flame never quickened
Into dance,
Precarious obituary
Was leafed green
In the serene performance.

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that the members of Opus Dei have "strong liberal leanings," that they "believe in total freedom for the individual," and that the organization is the "chosen instrument for liberalizing the reactionary Spanish church and possibly the Franco regime itself."

The truth of the matter is that since 1951 Opus Dei has controlled the censorship of all books in Spain and in this capacity has banned works by Hemingway, Balzac, Stendhal, Sartre, Camus, Papini, Croce, Kant, Américo Castro and passages from works by Karl Jaspers and Bertrand Russell. The political doctrines of Opus Dei are specifically and categorically anti-liberal. The ideals and achievements, the open-mindedness of Unamuno, Baroja and Ortega y Gasset are viciously condemned, and their freedom-loving disciples are kept from university positions precisely because their "liberal" ideas are considered a threat to the conquerors of 1939.

Again and again, Mr. Matthews uses the image of Franco clamping down and sitting on one lid or many in order to stay in power. In his chapter on the future of Spain, written with cautious optimism, the author notes that slowly and arduously the many lids are being lifted. Let us hope that none will have to be pried loose by force.

Creatures or Creators?

CHURCHILL-ROOSEVELT-STALIN: The War They Waged and the Peace They Sought. By Herbert Feis. Princeton University Press. 692 pp. $6.95.

George Dangerfield

IN A little dissertation on the Versailles Peace Conference, posthumously published, J. M. Keynes described its three leading personalities in the following terms: "An old man of the world [Clemenceau], a *femme fatale* [Lloyd George] and a nonconformist clergyman [Wilson]—these are the characters of our drama." A drama with such a cast could only end badly; and, sure enough, "the Treaty was born, child of the least worthy attributes of each of its parents." Can we accept (along with his monstrous image of a child with three parents) Keynes's apparent belief that history is a product of the weaknesses and idiosyncracies of eminent men? Or should we prefer, say, H. A. L. Fisher's more stolid and better-known statement—"the substance of the Versailles settlement was dictated by inexorable fact"?

In every great conference of modern history—the Congress of Vienna, the Versailles Conference after World War I, and the various meetings at Quebec and Moscow and Cairo, at Teheran and Yalta during World War II—there lies the stern question: Do events shape men or men events? The question is not only stern, it is also old and worn. But it is not outworn. It is still unanswerable.

Statesmen, naturally, dislike the idea that their decisions are imposed upon them by antecedent circumstances; and two of the great triumvirate, whose negotiations between 1942 and 1945 are the subject of this industrious book, were magnificently convinced that they were the creators and not the creatures of history. Roosevelt and Churchill were nothing if not personal. They had an exceptional flair for doing things in the high style, and sometimes suggested by their high style of doing things that the war was an immense and heroic spree. And even Stalin imperfectly concealed, behind his glum personification of historical necessity, a taste for individualist dramatics which he would have been the first to censor in a compatriot.

A statesman cannot think of himself as the puppet of "inexorable fact": if he thought on those terms he would cease to be a statesman. But an historian should not take any statesman, even so great and so infectiously charming a statesman as Roosevelt, at his own evaluation of himself. And Feis does not make this mistake. He does not confuse the style of a negotiator with the substance of a negotiation. From his book there emerges the thought that the triumvirate were significant figures in history not because they directed the course of events but because they had a superior faculty for moving with events and not against them.

Feis has sacrificed a gift for dramatic writing in order to concentrate on the inhuman rather than the human side of the negotiations, on density and slowness rather than on charm, brilliance or heroism. His primary concern, of course, is to discover what held the Anglo-American-Soviet coalition together and what weakened and eventually dissolved it. Nor will anybody be surprised to learn that those factors in the coalition which were more military than political held it together, and that those factors which were more political than military tended to break it up.

THE triumvirate and their advisers were obviously aware of the dangers they faced in this respect. There was the past to warn them—the past, so full of coalitions which, formed in the face of a common enemy, dissolved as soon as the enemy was on the run. But the past utters only warnings. It cannot teach us what to do, only what to expect: and if we based our expectations entirely on its teachings, we should become the deepest of pessimists. No sensible man neglects the past as a source of reflection; no sanguine man pays much attention to it as a source of action. Roosevelt and Churchill were right in hoping that the coalition, as it emerged from Yalta, would last for many years. Stalin was always a balky partner, but it was only after Yalta that he showed himself as finally unwilling or unable to go along with them.

Mr. Feis, in his careful analysis of the Yalta agreement, once again—and perhaps it cannot be done too often—makes short work of those trashy in-

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Time Was When Death

Time was when death
Seemed mountain, or myth;
Alien to world;
Green oceans away.

Time was when the end
Seemed a pouring of sand;
And the last fine grain—
That glittered the most.

Time was; time is;
And this morning death says:
Stand there; I am here;
I am all that will be.

His language is plain:
Very like to my own.
But the one dark word
Is the sound of my name.

Time still is to be
When I am not I.
The speech death makes
Is not special for me.

MARK VAN DOREN

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terpretations of Roosevelt as a sinister figure who "sold out" to the Russians. At the same time his methodical analysis of policy-making at the very highest levels of government tends to dispose of the undemocratic notion that great men are indispensable men. He seems to indicate that what was needed for the most part was not swift decisions or piercing vision but the courage to endure. He shows that the negotiations, more often than not, were immensely prolix, wearisome and redundant; that they were necessarily so; and that they laid an appalling burden upon those who were obliged to take the lead in them. Nobody who reads this book is likely to forget that Roosevelt died of overwork.

BUT the final message of this book—if message is the right word for something implied and never consciously expressed—is that the great solvent of all coalitions can be found in their semantic difficulties. It has always been hard for one party to an agreement or a treaty to understand precisely what the other party means; in any discussion between two political democracies and a Communist state the misunderstanding is apt to be complete. The fruitless arguments over Poland point this out; and the famous Declaration on Liberated Europe insists upon it. The declaration obliged the three powers to assist the liberated states in the formation of representative and democratic interim governments, pledged to the establishment through free elections of governments responsive to the will of the people. "Its loose net of phrases," as Feis puts it, all too mildly, "allowed easy passage to any determined purpose." Stalin violated the declaration with a brutal speed; and confessed, with what seems to be complete sincerity, that the Western accusations of faithlessness were meaningless to him. It was on the interpretation of "free," of "democratic," and of "the will of the people" that the coalition fell apart.

LETTER from HOLLAND

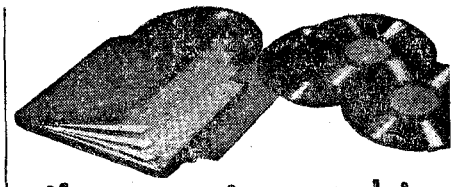
Frank J. Warnke

DRAMA at this year's Holland Festival covered an extraordinary range—seven theatrical productions, in six different languages, ranging in time from Aeschylus to Eugène Ionescu and in mood from the fifteenth-century Dutch morality play to a high comedy by Hugo von Hofmannsthal (all these in addition to three operas—*The Rake's Progress, Otello* and *Don Pasquale*). The seven non-musical pieces offered, as might be expected, an absorbing study in varied styles and diverse national traditions. More surprising perhaps was the degree to which they all ratified, in either success or failure, the same principle of effective theatre. In a number of different ways they demonstrated that theatre, like all art, finds its power in the reconciliation of opposites—the opposites of realism and stylization, of mediocrity and heroism, of actuality and potentiality. At the point of balance, theatre has its strange reality.

In presenting crucial scenes from four Greek tragedies, Elsa Verghis, of the National Theatre of Athens, created heroines who were simultaneously human beings and mythical figures of superhuman magnitude: a Clytemnaestra who remained sympathetic in her crime; a Medea who possessed, in the midst of her human agony, a kind of godlike perception. Voice has a central importance in Verghis' style, a continually varied incantation that often borders on the operatic (she does, in fact, sing Elektra's lament over the grave of Agamemnon). Yet the ritual effect of this style does not block her from a realistic imitation of human emotions which has alarmed some of the more academic critics here in Amsterdam. Nor does it prevent her from conveying subtle distinctions in characterization (her Clytemnaestra's deceitful invitation to Agamemnon is utterly different from her Medea's deceitful reconciliation with Jason), even to an audience with no knowledge of the modern Greek in which she speaks. In all, Verghis' tragic style suggests that Aristotle's long-disputed theory of imitation has both a naive and a metaphysical dimension: the actor, like the dramatist, is concerned both with mimicking real human actions and with creating something larger and more perfect than life.

In yet another sense Verghis reconciled opposites the night I saw her. She was assisted by a young actor of the Greek Theater whose style had her

FRANK J. WARNKE, who has been teaching English at Yale, is in Europe for a year as a Morse fellow. Mr. Warnke is a regular contributor to Opera News.



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vigor but little of her fineness. And each scene was introduced by a Dutch scholar who said appropriate academic things. Thus she appeared in the ironic location of the true artist—balanced precariously between the performer and the professor.

Unfortunately, the professorial tone dominated the Nederlandse Comedie's presentation of *Elckerlyc*, the Dutch morality play generally regarded as the source of the English *Everyman*. The medieval drama, as historians have pointed out, has analogies to the Greek drama; it too has both realistic and ritualistic dimensions. But, where Aeschylus and Sophocles create myth, the medieval dramatist creates allegory—Everyman and his companions are at once human beings and abstractions, and the two identities never completely fuse. It is possible to make vital theatre of a morality play, but to do so requires a rare unity of dramatic style. Such unity was exactly what the *Elckerlyc* company lacked; while some of the players used a high style suggestive of the Comédie Française, others used a naturalistic technique more suitable for Actors' Studio than for allegory. And the play was taken at a pace so slow that it became funereal rather than solemn.

BUT if *Elckerlyc* added little prestige to contemporary Dutch dramatic art, *Moortje* certainly did. This comedy, written in 1613 by G. A. Bredero, one of the most famous Dutch poets, has the brawling life of a painting by Hals or Jan Steen, but it poses problems for both actor and audience, especially in its more static and declamatory moments. The *Moortje* company triumphed through their energetic and consistent projection of Bredero's seventeenth-century Amsterdam—a luminous, wintry city whose inhabitants devote all their superb vigor to drink and sex. The set, with its impressionistic steeples, as well as the brilliant costuming, assisted in achieving the effect, and the actors brought out the flexibility of Bredero's rhymed couplets. Bits of the play were lost on me—ribald sallies delivered in broad Amsterdam dialect—but the modern audience responded with seventeenth century gusto.

The play is a typical product of Renaissance Holland—a Latin comedy (in this case Terence's *Eunuch*) transformed into a realistic study of contemporary types. Bredero boasted of his realistic imitation of speech and manners. But here, too, one finds realism with something added—a vision, poetic for all its coarseness, of the chaotic and infinite hungers of the race.

For sheer theatrical brilliance, two visiting groups dominated the Festival—the Piccolo Teatro of Milan and the Vienna Burgtheater. The Italians presented a Goldoni comedy—*Arlecchino, Servitore di Due Padroni*—and coaxed from it comic effects which ranged from epic slapstick reminiscent of the Marx Brothers to the most penetratingly intellectual appraisal of human foibles. Within the framework of communication supplied by the *commedia dell'arte* tradition, they allowed themselves a delightful kind of free improvisation in which the ancient art of pantomime became almost as important as the voice—and in the Piccolo Teatro the voice is used with musical imaginativeness. Their virtuosity brought new life to a number of venerable burlesque tricks, from the collapsible limbs of old Pantalone to the antics of Arlecchino confronted by a dish of resistant gelatin. It also brought complete expression to Goldoni's gentle and universal satire. With the exception of Arlecchino, the cunning but incompetent servant, each of the characters in the play has a double identity—as seen by himself and as seen by others. Each character lives within his picture of himself, is constantly thwarted by reality, but staunchly returns to his private myth. Beatrice, the heroine disguised as a man, further complicates the relations of illusion and reality. Only Arlecchino remains firmly himself, the universal servant in search of a reliable master and at least three meals a day.

By a strange coincidence several of the Festival plays involved that durable dramatic stereotype, the clever servant. In addition to Arlecchino there were Kackerlack (in *Moortje*) and Theodor, the major-domo who safeguards the morality of his Don Juanesque master in Hofmannsthal's *Der Unbestechliche (The Incorruptible)*. There were further similarities between the Goldoni and Hofmannsthal comedies: for all its surface evocation of the social life of 1912 Austria (and it is, in that respect, a sequel to those brilliant Hofmannsthal librettos, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Arabella*), *Der Unbestechliche* is a restatement of formalized themes and character types at least as old as Terence. Then, too, the Burgtheater, like the Piccolo Teatro, is a group of virtuoso players whose technique is a joy to witness. I was struck by the stylistic unity of the entire group, all of whom seemed to understand, beneath the realistic imitation of the Hofmannsthal play, its Mozartean absoluteness of form.

If the theatre can justly be seen as a kind of delicate balance point between the observing intelligence and the creative fancy, then surely the Greek tragic poets occupy the center of that balance point. With them is Shakespeare, as John Gielgud's quite elegant solo performance of an assortment of scraps and fragments served to remind the Holland Festival. Slightly to the left of the ideal center, if we examine the Holland Festival plays, are Goldoni and Hofmannsthal, with their relative emphasis on the stylized, the formal, almost the abstract, while Bredero stands a little to the realistic right.

THE introduction of the contemporary Rumanian-born French dramatist Eugène Ionescu into this fanciful scheme causes a bit of confusion. Two of his curious "anti-pièces," *La Leçon* and *Les Chaises*, were presented by the Studio des Champs Elysées, an energetic and talented group of young actors. Ionescu denies the theatre's capacity to represent "real" characters, and himself seeks to bring the theatre back to the simplicity, violence and freedom of a Punch and Judy show; he strives, in his own words, for "an exaggeration that dislocates reality." He seems, then, to be the extreme exemplification of my hypothetical left—drama not as realistic imitation but as independent creation. In *La Leçon* a bizarre professor of everything gives private lessons to an in-

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credibly stupid girl. When a toothache, and her desire for human sympathy, prevent her from listening to his endless monologue on language, he kills her with a non-existent knife. She is the fortieth victim that day. In *Les Chaises*, a longer piece, a senile and commonplace retired concierge, who lives in a palace on an island with his equally senile wife, decides that his life's experience has qualified him to transmit an important message to humanity. During the next hour, non-existent guests arrive to hear it, and to accommodate them the stage is filled with empty chairs.

I didn't find the plays successful. Ionescu is right, of course, in believing that the theatre cannot "represent real people," if we take that phrase in its ultimate metaphysical meaning. And his own non-representational art achieves occasional illuminations—a grotesque wittiness in *La Leçon*, a brutal pity in *Les Chaises*. But this sort of thing has happened before—Georg Kaiser did it more profoundly in the 1920s—and it seems, now as then, to stand too far from that center where one finds Shakespeare and Sophocles. Ultimately it is almost as dull as doctrinaire naturalism. I suspected, in seeing *Les Chaises*, that the two splendid actors who kept the whole thing aloft for an hour and a half might unconsciously feel the same way. What do actors do in an "anti-pièce" playing "anti-personnages"? To judge from the Studio des Champs Elysées, they try to *become* "personnages" and, in effect, to do what the dramatist has refused to do—to imitate real characters in action. The Champs Elysées group almost succeeded in turning Ionescu into real theatre.

With performances of *Les Chaises* scheduled for both the Salzburg and Berlin Festivals next year, Ionescu threatens to become a fashion, and a rumored New York opening of the same play will probably make the fashion world-wide. There is no doubt that, in scheduling the Ionescu program, Peter Diamand, Director of the Holland Festival, showed his customary astuteness.

However, the Festival's offerings in drama this year had a value that surpasses the timely. They were lively evidence of that final unity which the dramatic spirit displays in all its manifestations.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

IN A period when death and old age are plucking major conductors from their podia one by one, the arrival of a young conductor with the extraordinary gifts of Igor Markevitch is bound to create excitement and high hopes. His New York debut, last season, with the Symphony of the Air, was received in that spirit. And now, with his Decca recordings of Haydn's *The Creation* (DX-138) and of Brahms' First Symphony (DL-9907), Markevitch offers even more unequivocal proof that his is a first-rate talent, thoroughly supported by the techniques of his profession.

The Creation, one of Haydn's most magnificent works, was the product of his last years, and was one of the few compositions in which he consciously strove for greatness. Evidence of his effort can be found in his painstaking sketches for the oratorio (he had never before bothered with sketches), in his published statements, and in the music itself, which was written over a period of three years and discernibly foreshadows later developments by Beethoven and Wagner.

Markevitch, using the splendid resources of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and soloists Irmgaard Seefried, Richard Holm and Kim Borg, draws forth a performance that is vibrant, smoothly meticulous and rife with conviction. The oratorio's changing moods and its sweetly ingenuous tone painting are approached with intellectual and intuitive comprehension. Each element in the fabric is controlled, but lightly and with unfailing grace. Seefried and Holm, two of the finest singers in the world today, simply glow with elegance. Indeed, even the recitatives, bane of modern ears, are lifted to the level of outright song. Richard Holm, who sings the tenor role of Uriel, does not quite equal his colleagues. But he is in formidable company, and his weaknesses, for the most part, are relative.

In the Brahms First Symphony, Markevitch again displays the remarkable breadth of his powers. His orchestra in this case is The Symphony of the Air, and his reading is in the finest tradition of Brahms interpretation: sober, dark-hued, yet lyrical and unpedantic.

Another recording of this work, by the Boston Symphony with Charles Munch (RCA LM-2097), has a gener-

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ally lighter and more transparent sound, a less intense quality of lyricism. It avoids, to some extent, those aspects of Brahms which French-oriented musicians consider heavy and scholastic, and in so doing, it avoids a bit of grandeur as well. I prefer the Markevitch performance. But Munch's approach is perfectly valid, and if a few vague imprecisions of intonation and orchestral attack are put aside, no serious criticism need be lodged against it.

Vanguard and RCA Victor have made interesting contributions recently in the field of contemporary Soviet music. The former has issued two discs, processed from original Russian master tapes, of Shostakovitch's First and Seventh ("Leningrad") Symphonies (FRS-6030/1). Their quality is not of the finest, by present-day standards, but they do have historical value, since they represent "approved" interpretations by the State Orchestra of the USSR (Kiril Kondrashin, conducting) and the Leningrad Philharmonic (Eugene Mravinsky). RCA, either by design or by coincidence, has teamed up Prokofieff's First ("Classical") Symphony with his Seventh (LM-2092), while on LM-2081, they present Shostakovitch's Tenth. All three are played by the Philharmonia Orchestra. Nikolai Malko conducts the Prokofieff works, and Efram Kurtz the Shostakovitch.

As ever, the music of these two composers raises a troubling question. What, precisely, has been the effect upon it of Soviet aesthetic and ideological coercion? Prokofieff, who died in March of 1953, held a place in the world's very first rank of composers. And yet, after a long series of compositions in which he showed a fully formed and unique personality, his Seventh Symphony seems like a masterful retreat into relative pallor and derivativeness. The ghost of Tchaikovsky (and even Dvorak) hovers over it. Gone is the edge of barbarism. Gone is the incisiveness and much of the rhythmic drive. Everything flows; everything is molded by the hand of a master. But the work is bland, rather than arresting.

Shostakovitch, despite moments when sincere ideas seem to be left behind in favor of easy garrulousness, has achieved a number of important works. His Tenth Symphony is among them. In its surface aspects, it has less pungency than does a good Prokofieff work, or than the composer's own First Symphony, for that matter. But its smooth, flowing lines are nevertheless convincing and distinctive. The opening Moderato is attractively ruminative; the second movement, although it tends to run on in facile rhetoric, has moments of mature forcefulness. There are no real lapses of taste until the final movement, when, in spots, the composer descends to rabble-rousing; certainly there are none to compare with the 252 measures of execrably boring and vacuous music contained in the first movement of the "Leningrad" Symphony. There, in his anxiousness to depict invading Nazis, the composer lost all sense of proportion; and the whole symphony is badly marred by this extra-musical mistake. Perhaps some day, ideological factors cooperating, the composer may excise this section. The work as a whole would surely benefit, and it merits the trouble. Many of its ideas are splendid—but nobody can stand a blitzkrieg of boredom.

THREE other Russian composers, Glière, Miaskovsky and Rakov, are featured on new releases by Westminster. Glière's Fourth and Miaskovsky's Thirteenth String Quartets share disc XWN-18423, while Rakov's E Minor Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, conducted by the composer, is paired with a parcel of encore violin pieces on XWN-18508. Igor Oistrakh, son of the violinist, David Oistrakh, is soloist on both sides.

The young Oistrakh, like his father, is a virtuoso of the first order, with a rich, brilliant tone and seemingly flawless technical equipment. I do not care much for the type of slow, undulating vibrato he employs in lower-string melodic passages. That is a matter of personal preference, however; a violinist does not stand or fall by his vibrato. But the Rakov concerto, unfortunately, does not offer him much in the way of working material. It is perhaps significant that the elder Oistrakh, for whom the work was composed, left it to his son to make the recording. The first movement sounds decent enough, in an academic, Glazounov-Tchaikovsky manner. But the remainder of the piece is vacant. Oistrakh infuses it with as much meaning as it can hold, but nothing could lift such a work out of its stupor.

The Glière and Miaskovsky Quartets are also conservative-academic works, but with the stylistic traits of the earlier generation to which the composers belonged. They are consistently sweet and light-weight, with a tincturing of impressionist harmony. The Beethoven Quartet, which plays them, is referred to by the jacket notes as "the finest string quartet in Russia today." It is indeed a highly competent group. But, like the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR, which accompanies the Rakov Concerto, its playing has a raw edge and is lacking in the homogeneity of, say, the Vienna Konzerthaus, the Budapest, or the Juilliard String Quartets.

FINALLY, with the recording of *Le Sacre du Printemps* by Pierre Monteux and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (RCA LM-2085), Stravinsky, a long expatriated Russian, strides forth in a costume that is magnificently unconservative. Monteux and the RCA engineers have made of this record the tour-de-force it deserves to be. Instrumental textures are fantastically bright and detailed, the slightly raucous sound of the Conservatoire brasses and woodwinds lending a tang like vinegar in a fine salad. By comparison with Monteux's recent concert performance at Tanglewood, this one is less upholstered and a bit more studied. But, from a stylistic point of view, it is even more convincing. Stravinsky, after all, was composing in Paris in 1913. The timbres he had in mind were undoubtedly those of a French orchestra. Here, those timbres are in operation, and so is the ripe wizardry of Monteux.

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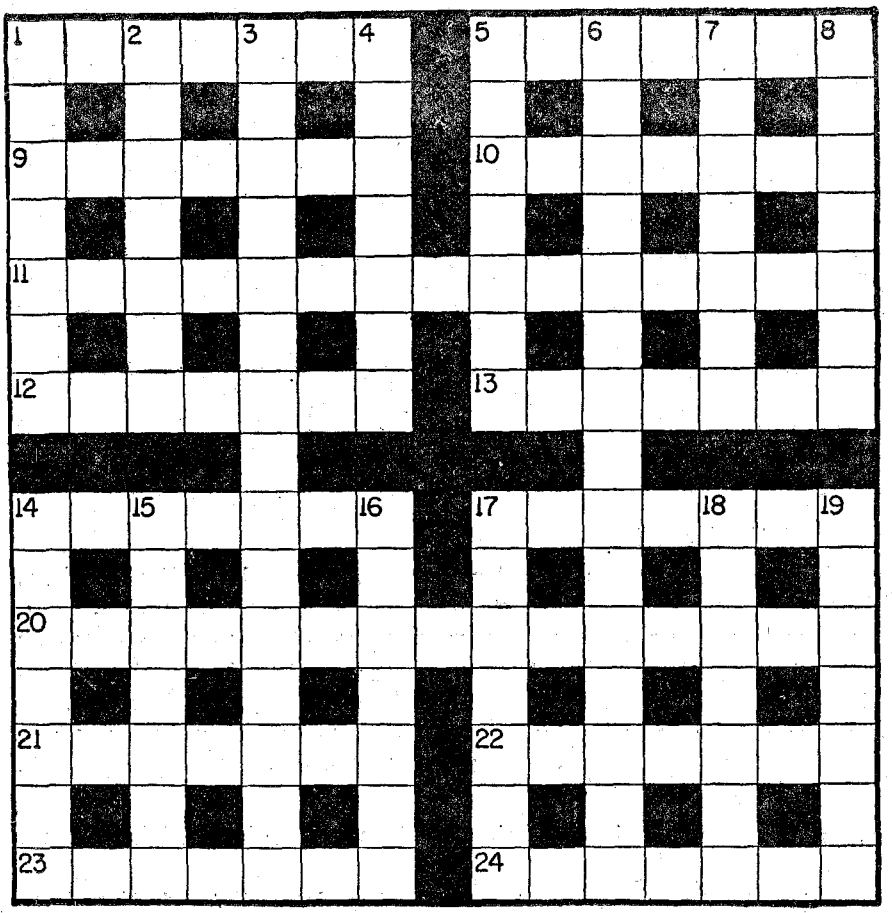

ACROSS:

1 Time's up! (Charges not exactly fixed.) (7)
5 Hydocyanic. (7)
9 What the old films did easily as a bird. (7)
10 Symbols that bring back the best beer! (7)
11 It's one way to get used to things. (15)
12 Perhaps a fly proves it's certainly not hard to get in. (4, 3)
13 The kind of house covering that's always in hock? (7)
14 Kept at a distance, as a stable might be. (7)
17 Not a way to add to one's credit. (7)
20 It's said of cats in what is hardly a contented state. (15)
21 Acknowledge. (7)
22 A lot or a little bit to a wild beast. (7)
23 Add some $C^{12}H^{22}O^{11}$. (7)
24 Good in wit and wine, but not well, perhaps. (7)

DOWN:

1 A broken propeller of recent finish would be swell! (7)
2 What Psalm CXLVI says you shouldn't put your trust in. (7)
3 Turn it over at tea, like a problem in acceptance. (4, 2, 2, 5, 2)
4 Should the domestic type be civil as well? (7)
5 Going to be splitting hairs, in a way? (7)
6 In your case, you might not be right to speak so! (15)
7 More seasoned? (7)
8 A burial place might be a sort of ranch to the Spanish. (7)
14 What might come up a second time comes up and looks around. (Tempts one, too!) (7)
15 In case Ben implies something is missing? (7)
16 The medical man opens one vessel, perhaps in the operating theater. (5-2)
17 Acted in a manner to 17 across. (7)
18 Certainly not an out-and-out performance in a rough sea, which would be rather silly! (7)
19 They occupy quarters, like a number of workers. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 735

ACROSS: 1 STRAP; 4 NIHILISTS; 9 ARBORETUM; 10 REVEL; 11 PRONATION; 12 SPRAT; 13 SHOT-PUTTER; 17 LITERATURE; 21 VIRTU; 22 NEATS-FOOT; 23 NOISE; 24 IMITATIVE; 25 STRATAGEM; 26 SLEEK. DOWN: 1 SHARPS; 2 RIBBON; 3 PARLAY; 4 NOTWITHSTANDING; 5 HUMANITARIANISM; 6 LARKSPUR; 7 SEVERITY; 8 SOLITARY; 14 SLOVENES; 15 STURDIER; 16 ARGUMENT; 18 ASSAYS; 19 BODICE; 20 STREAK.

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Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederle Laboratories. He taught at the Post-Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at $10.50.

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